

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS;

STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS.



Babcock has Picture Books a plenty,
Made to please the youthful mind;
Call and see—he'll show you twenty,
Some to suit you'll surely find.

NEW HAVEN—S. BARCOCK.

Sidney's Press.

1833.



CARELESS CHILDREN.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS;

A

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To Mary ^{1833.} by P B B



We hope our little readers will find this book not only entertaining, but useful and instructive. They will here see how much they may gain by industry, and an early attention to their studies; and also, the evil consequences of idle habits. Little Boys and Girls are apt to think studying a hard task; they do not consider the advantages they will derive from it, when they grow up. Learning is of great value, and a great many men have, like the idle boy in this story, often regretted that they did not pay more attention to their books, in their younger days. We have many interesting little tales like this, at our Store in Church street, where our juvenile friends are invited to call when they wish an interesting and good book. We assure them such little stories as these will afford them more pleasure, and do them more good, than all the fruit and candy they could buy for double the money.

New Haven, 1833.



INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

In a pleasant little village, not far from the busy city of New York, there lived an honest couple, who earned their daily bread by hard labor. They had four children—two boys and two girls. These poor people found it a very hard task to spare from their scanty earnings, the money to pay for schooling their children; but they thought it their duty to have them taught to read and write. So they sent them to a small school, kept by a worthy widow, in their neighborhood.

The parents of these children set a just value on learning, and wisely thought it a great advantage to be able to read the bible, and other good books, and to write letters, and keep accounts. I hope my little readers will remember this, for I assure them if they neglect their studies they will

not only lose many advantages, but have great reason to repent their folly, when they arrive at the age of manhood.

George, the oldest boy, thought it enough, and indeed, sometimes too much, to go to school twice a day, and learn the lessons given him by Mrs. Brown; but Charles felt as if he should never learn enough, with all his endeavors.

Their father, Henry Jones, was a sober, industrious man, and one who justly thought idleness the means of much vice. He could plough, and reap, and mow, as well as the best, and he generally found employment on the farms of his richer neighbors. When he had finished his day's work abroad, he hastened home and busied himself in repairing his cottage and fences, or in working in his little garden, which he kept so neat and tidy that it was the admiration of all who saw it. His wife was of the same mind as himself, and could wash



and iron, and bake, in the best manner. She was often employed in the houses of the farmers around them, and by her neatness and industry gave universal satisfaction.

Thus this honest pair contrived to gain a living for themselves and children, whom they tenderly loved. Though they treated them all alike, yet their hopes rested chiefly upon the industrious and faithful Charles: he loved his book, took much delight in his studies, and could always repeat his lesson without a blunder. By constant attention he improved daily, and was soon far ahead of all the other scholars in the school.

George was not of a temper to join his brother in these pursuits. He liked play much better than learning; and with some companions, as idle and unruly as himself, spent more time in playing marbles, and other games, than he did at studying.

By attention to his book, and kind and obliging disposition, Charles so



gained the good will and affection of his school-mistress, that she exerted herself to instruct him, as far as she was able, in all useful studies, and often rewarded him with presents of books, suitable for a child of his age. Sometimes she would take him with her into the fields, to walk, and there explain to him the meaning and uses of the things they saw. As Charles was attentive to all she said, and endeavored to treasure it up in his memory, these rambles afforded him much instruction, and he soon laid up quite a stock of useful ideas.

All this time his brother, who thought of nothing but play, was growing up in ignorance and idleness. Although he was two years older than Charles, he was quite a dunce, and could scarcely read the most simple lesson. As he grew older, his idle habits increased upon him, and although he did sometimes endeavor, by studying very hard, to regain the time he had lost, yet he found it so



difficult that he soon gave up the attempt in despair.

Charles, on the contrary, derived much pleasure from his studies, and took no little pains to improve his time in gaining useful information. He was soon able to instruct his little sisters, and some of his companions too. In the long winter evenings he would get them together, around the cheerful fire in his father's cottage, and there read some interesting and useful book to them. In the summer they would stroll about the fields, and he would endeavor to explain to them such things as had been taught him by his kind school-mistress.

When George was fourteen years old, his father had him bound as an apprentice to a shoemaker; and although he so far remembered the kind instructions of his parents as to be honest and faithful, yet having paid but little attention to his books, he was too ignorant to be of much



service to his master. This prevented his getting forward in the world, and he often bitterly lamented that he had not followed the example of his brother.

One evening, as Charles and his two sisters were sitting at a table with a map before them, on which he was pointing out the different towns and rivers, a gentleman named Belton, came in and stood some time at the door, listening to the little fellow's explanations, without being seen by the children or their mother; at last he stepped into the room.

"Why, madam," said he to Mrs. Jones, "does your little son teach an evening school here?"

"No sir," answered the good woman, "though our cottage looks like one, for all his evenings are spent in this manner."

This reply made the gentleman ask more questions, and finally Mrs. Jones told him the whole history of her son's progress in learning. The



account both pleased and surprised Mr Belton. He was a merchant in New York, and had come into their village on a visit to some friends. Having taken a walk across the fields to the house of a poor woman, who was sick, he had missed his way, and seeing a light had stopped to ask some one to show him the road.

Charles immediately ran and got a lantern, and prepared to accompany him. As they walked along, Mr. Belton asked him many questions, and was much pleased with the readiness and propriety of his answers.

Early the next morning Mr. Belton called on Charles' father, and offered to take his son under his care and give him a good education. This kind proposition was gladly accepted by all parties. The next week Charles left home, on a beautiful little poney, and went with Mr. B. to the city.

In a few years his studies were completed ; his kind friend then took him into his store, as a clerk, where



his knowledge and intelligence made him highly useful, and gained him the esteem of every one.

When he was of age, Mr. Belton, who loved him as if he had been his own son, made him a partner in his business. By his industry and integrity Charles became one of the first merchants in the city, and was highly respected by all who had dealings with him. But he did not neglect his parents in his prosperity; he sent them a sum of money every year, sufficient to make their old age comfortable.

While Charles was thus reaping the advantages of his early application to study, and proving a help and blessing to his parents and sisters, poor George, was only able to obtain a bare living for himself. And often did he reproach himself for spending his early days in idleness, while his younger brother was laying the foundation for an useful and irreproachable character.

RUN OVER BY A CART.





JUVENILE AND TOY BOOKS.

All embellished with beautiful Pictures.

S. BABCOCK,

CHURCH STREET, NEW HAVEN,

Has just published, and is constantly issuing from his press, a great variety of beautiful TOY BOOKS, of every size and description, and of various prices. His assortment, already published, comprises nearly one hundred different kinds, and are all selected with a studious regard for their moral, useful, and instructive character.